Makes ſpeed to catch the Tygre. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valor flyes.
Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleeue,
But I ſhall do thee miſchiefe in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dye vpon the hand I loue ſo well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt flye him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxſlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanoped with luſhious woodbine,
With ſweete muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Luld in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammeld skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this, Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue;
A ſweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it vvith ſome care, that he may prooue

More

More fond on her, the
And looke thou meet
Pu. Feare not my Lo

Enter Queen

Queen. Come, now
Then for the third pa
Some to kill cankers
Some warre with Re
To make my ſmall El
The clamorous Owle
At our queint ſpirits
Then to your offices,

You ſpotted ſnake
Thorny Hedgehog
Newts and blind
Come not neere o
Philomele with n
Sing in our ſweet
Lulla, lulla, lulla
Neuer harme, no
Come our louely
So good night wit
1. Fairy. Wee
Hence you long l
Beetles blacke ap
Worme nor Snay
Philomele with n
2. Fai. Hence
One aloofe, ſtan

Ob. What thou ſe
Do it for thy thy tru
Loue and languiſh f
Be it Ounce, or Catt

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22303) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE B